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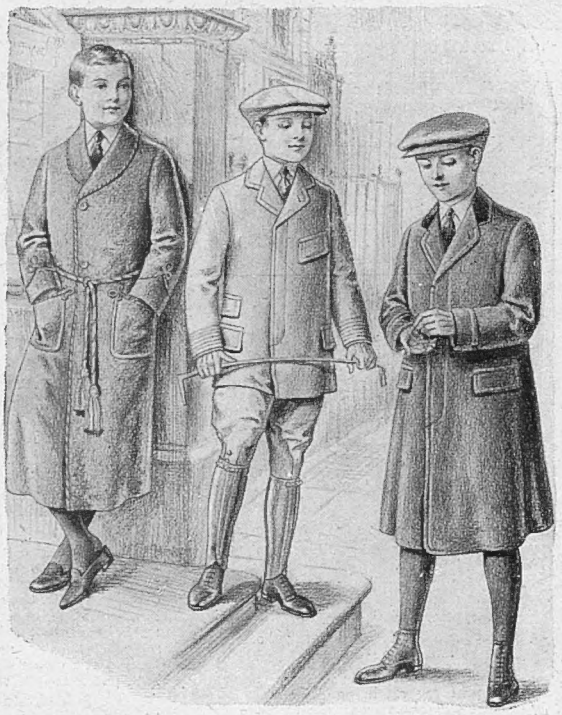

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The Bystander, September 9, 1914.—No. 562. Vol. XLIII.

The BYSTANDER

TROOPS LANDING TO PROCEED TO THE FRONT

(Title passed by the Censor)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "The Cosmopolitan Club of the World." Special Variety Programme. War News on the Bioscope. Evenings at 8.30 Tel. Ger. 3527. Manager, OSCAR BARRETT, Jun.

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A SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENT

IN AID OF THE

Belgian War Refugees Fund

Wednesday Evening, September 16.

Bystander War Comments

THE nation welcomed with satisfaction the appearance of the King in military uniform on the occasion of his visit to Woolwich. That His Majesty should associate himself as often, and as publicly, as possible with their cause in the field is the earnest hope of his loyal subjects who for that cause are offering their lives in hundreds of thousands.

* * *

Where it has not been disheartening, the week-end has been mysterious. Our distress at the loss, through mines, of a cruiser, a transport, and a whole fleet of trawlers has been relieved by the hope that the "turning" of the Germans to the east of Paris is the result of some miscarriage of their plans. It were wiser, however, to surmise nothing of the kind. The enemy has not, as yet, appeared to have made any serious mistakes. We await the issue of the turning movement with the necessary *sang-froid*. Paris, at least, gets a slight respite, in which its population will have time to fortify itself in body and soul.

THE "WINGED" VICTORY

THE TEUTONIC NIKE (*in difficulties*): "There!! After all the trouble I've had to get my right wing to flap decently, hanged if those wretched Russians haven't knocked my left one absolutely sideways!!"

BY E. T. REED

* * *

We doubt whether anything finer in the way of oratory has been done than the speeches of the Prime Minister before and during the war, and his Guildhall effort was the finest of all. His words ought to have the same burning moral effect on Prussian militarism as did the deeds of Prussian militarism on the city of Louvain. Morally, the Kaiser is a mass of smoking ruins. Alas, however, the wretched man does not know it. While the echoes of Mr. Asquith's splendid speech were ringing round the rest of the world, Germany was deaf to them, and her Kaiser was delivering, by moonlight, to his troops, an oration which he himself no doubt thought equally fine, and charged with an equal fill of righteousness.

* * *

It is one of the minor tragedies of the war, this Teutonic ignorance of the moral catastrophe that is overwhelming its national soul. It is conscious of nothing else than the brutal material fact that its armies are driving back the Allies, and have, it is said, inflicted a crushing defeat on Russia in the east. Being firmly convinced on official evidence that it is they who are the victims of attack and not the Allies, and that the whole trouble owes its origin to the endeavours of the Entente to deprive "culture" of its place in the sun, they naturally look on the success of their armies as evidence of the efficiency of the God whom, at the last moment, they have mobilised and brought to the front.

* * *

The Germans believe that the destruction of Louvain, Malines, etc., is the just punishment of the infamous conduct of Belgian women and children in sticking needles into the hides, or squirting water down the necks, of the cultured Uhlans. If cathedrals, town halls, and universities are heaps of ashes, what is that but the just vengeance of the Supergod on a party of street urchins who called out something rude to one of his own Death's Head Hussars? Our orators, poets and prosemen, who are doing such splendid

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

Football Begins . . . Lookers-on Plentiful

Photograph *Sport and General*

No doubt a percentage of those who watched Saturday's match between Fulham and Clapton Orient are either already in the National Service or about to join it. We do not, therefore, publish the above photograph with any derisive intent. It is still, however, a question whether the continuance of a game which attracts vast crowds of idle lookers-on at a time when tens of thousands of men are dying in their country's cause is decent

work on behalf of our great moral cause, are, alas, talking only to the already faithful—and to Posterity, which doesn't matter. Each nation, therefore, goes on fighting in the firm belief that it is fighting for the right, and no power on earth or above it seems likely to convince the other that it is wrong.

When, however, do the authorities propose to organise some sort of active Press campaign with which to counter the enemy's lying machinations in neutral countries? Certainly no time should be lost in sending across to America one or two able journalists, whose business it would be to keep the American Press posted in the truth—that is to say, in the Allies' version of events.

This war, already full of surprises, has many more in store. It is well, therefore, to be prepared. Last week's evacuation of Paris without panic, and transfer to Bordeaux, is the first step to a very necessary new emancipation —that of countries from their capitals. It is a monstrous thing that the whole strategic defence of a country should be handicapped by the need to defend a city which has become the capital by sheer accident, and without the slightest regard for its geographical fitness for the purpose. Paris is absurdly accessible to the Huns of the North, and gave them a chance of "settling" France long before France was really settled.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (*continued*)

Similarly Berlin, which is far too handy for Slavonic attack. London, for her part, is geographically as unfitted to be England's capital in times of war as is Paris to be that of France. It also is far too near the coast, and if the enemy gained command of the sea, he would have far too easy a chance of striking the Empire at its heart. I think it possible that the Government may already be contemplating precautionary measures for changing our capital in the event of trouble.

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The natural refuge would be Birmingham. Being central it would enable Members of Parliament to reach it so cheaply as to justify a certain "knocking off" of salaries they are doing nothing at all at present to earn. Is not Birmingham, also, noted for its patriotism, its capacity for standing sieges, and for being the reverse of "downhearted"? The choice of Birmingham would, I think, be received with little or no opposition by the leaders of the Unionist party.

* *
*

The week has been marked at home by a slow return of British common-sense. People of means have at last been convinced that it is not patriotism to volunteer for work which ought to be left to those whose living depends on it. The "noise of needles," of which Carlyle used to complain, ceases to disturb the silence of stately homes of Mayfair, and is resumed in the workrooms of Whitechapel. The "white feather" movement has met the doom it deserved at the hands of ridicule. It is recognised to be no part of the business of people who are disqualified by age, infirmity, or sex to go about casting scorn on the rest of the population. It is recognised that a man who enlists for fear of being derided is the worst of all cowards, a moral coward, and that what the country (and certainly Lord Kitchener) wants are men who join the colours out of a genuine and intelligent unforced zeal for their country. If this war is going to be won for Humanity with a big "H" it will be by men who know what they're fighting for, and who fight as thinking human beings, not as harum-scarums.

* *
*

Will Turkey remain neutral? We sincerely trust she will, just so that America may have one highly qualified partner in the noble work of upholding the standard of humanity and civilisation. We shall, indeed, weep if we do not live to read one day in our papers a "grave warning" addressed by the Porte to the Concert of Europe to refrain from such horrible practises as massacre, with a poem in a Stamboul paper entitled "Wilhelm the Damned."

* *
*

It is disclosed that the explanation of the sacking of Louvain is that the German soldiery had got maddened with drink, after the "occupation" of a brewery. From this, one must foresee that not only will it be necessary here in England to delay the invader by destroying bridges and railway lines, but also to frustrate his latent brutality by emptying our beer tanks. If the prospect of being engaged in this work does not bring to the service of England the very last man in the very last street, well, the game is up indeed.

* *
*

At one of the big music-halls I witnessed a significant incident. A gentleman appeared upon the stage to indulge in a patriotic scena, recitation, or something, and quite a number of people immediately left their seats to go and have a drink. I cannot pretend to be surprised. These "patriotic" turns are horrible, usually bombastic, and always inadequate. Music-halls are for amusement, not for exploitation of our deepest emotions.

* *
*

Congratulations to the Russians on the capture of Lemberg—we beg pardon, Lemgrade, of course!

WHERE THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IS NOW ESTABLISHED: A VIEW OF BORDEAUX

By the time these words are published, Paris will probably be the centre of operations by the Allied Forces against the Germans in France. In view of this contingency the French Government has been removed to Bordeaux, which possesses the double advantage of being directly on the coast, and a considerable distance from the scene of warfare. The scene above shows La Comédie and La Rue XXX. Juillet

On the Roll of Honour

SOME OF THE FIRST BRITISH OFFICERS TO FALL IN THE NOBLE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

Photograph Lafayette

MAJOR C. S. HOLLAND
Of the Royal Field Artillery

Photograph Maull and Fox

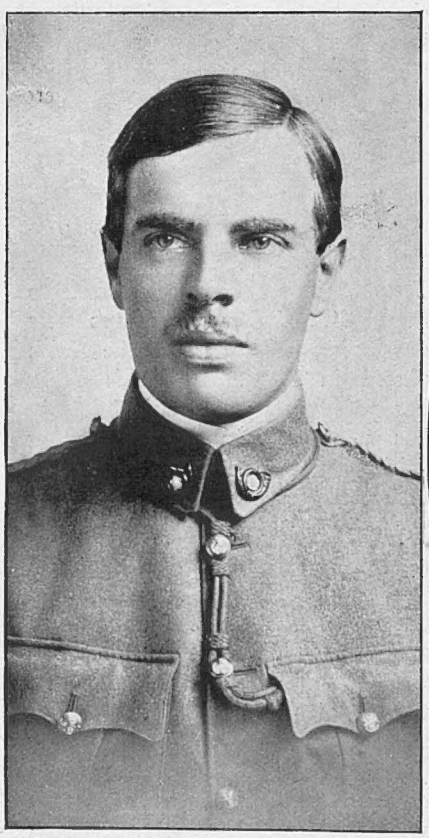
MAJOR C. A. L. YATE
Of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry

Photograph Lafayette

LIEUT. M. F. BROADWOOD
Of the Royal West Kent Regiment

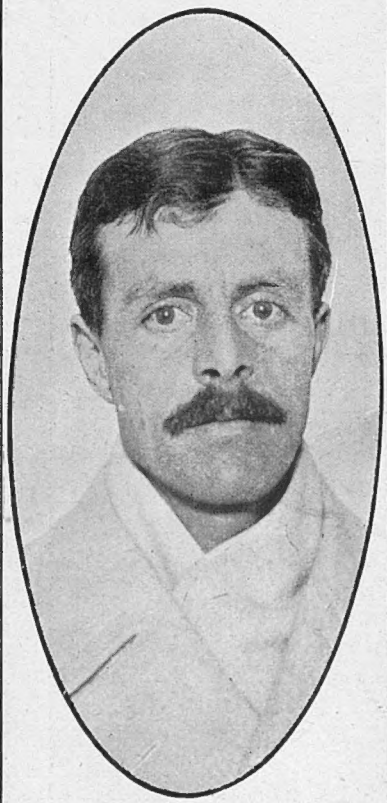
Photograph Lafayette

LIEUTENANT VISCOUNT HAWARDEN
Of the Coldstream Guards, who is reported killed



Photograph Lafayette

LIEUT. G. C. WYNNE
Of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry



Photograph Sport and General

CAPT. A. C. G. LUTHER
Of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, who is reported killed

Photograph Lafayette

MAJOR F. SWETENHAM
Of the 2nd Dragoons

As far as one can gather from the casualty lists published up to the time of going to Press the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and the Royal Field Artillery have suffered as much as any regiments during recent fighting. It is splendid to note that the news of the laying down of lives in the cause of liberty and honour, as the lives of the gallant officers whose photographs are seen above were laid down, has rather tended to augment recruiting than to have any other effect

Whose Masterstroke?

A CRITICAL SITUATION OPENS THE FIFTH WEEK OF THE WAR

Monday, September 7 (noon)

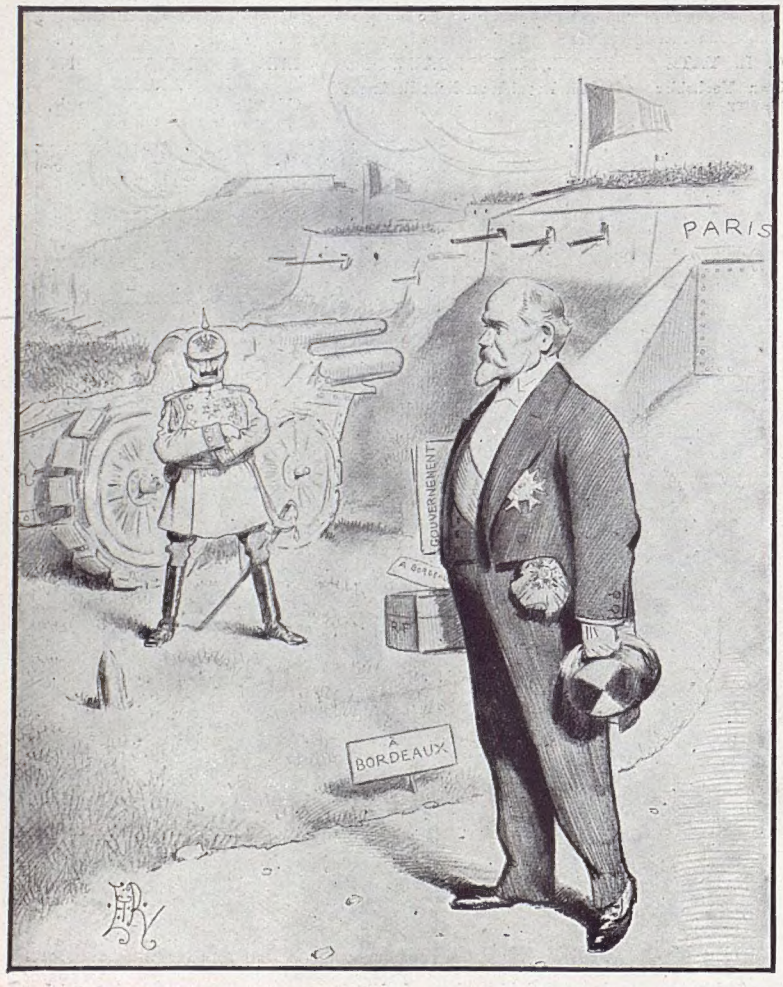
THE moment for the Masterstroke draws near. To the army with the man of genius in command will come the inspiration to use the opportunity rightly and so history will be made. If the stroke is delivered from the German side, France will be crippled: if it come from the Allies we shall see the beginning of the end.

If, as there is some reason to hope, it come from the Allies' side, it will lay the ghost of Von Moltke who hovers over the German army. That daring plan which we now see revealed, the plan which within a month brought the Germans so close to Paris, is, beyond doubt, the creation of Moltke, and it bears the stamp of his genius. But we believe that on our side there will be a living genius to sweep away the sinister machinations of the men who founded Germany with blood and iron, and who established the doctrine that Might is Right.

Germany, it is true, has rolled back the Allies to Paris, but she has not broken the spirit of the men, and from one "withdrawal" to another they have moved with grim determination to turn the tables some day. At the beginning of this week the Allies' lines may be said to have formed two sides of a square. One line ran from Verdun to Paris, the other from Verdun to Belfort. A strong position indeed.

Instead of descending immediately upon Paris, the Germans mystified the newspaper critics (and no one else, we hope) by moving eastward and southward. The apparent object was to crush in the French centre and make a junction with the second German Army coming from Luxemburg. A good deal will happen before the Germans sit down around Paris.

Paris is a hard nut to crack, and it will be left, no doubt, until a Masterstroke has been given to the armies in the field. Germany is now literally forcing a way between the two French lines, an exploit of great daring, and providing the opportunity for brilliant victory or smashing defeat.



PRESIDENT POINCARÉ: "Take Paris IF YOU CAN, Sire, but the capital of France is in the hearts of her people, and those you will never conquer"

BY E. T. REED

We have been left in the dark as regards the French doings in the East, and quite probably there have been some nasty affairs, for the Germans are working like demons, and their artillery and their aeroplanes and machine guns are handled with immense skill.

But unless some serious defect is revealed in the plans of the French there is every reason to hope that the secret moves now developing will justify the faith placed in them. Russia is doing her part nobly; the British Army has never shown better fighting spirit, and France well knows what failure means.

Germany has had a long run under sultry conditions, and the pace has begun to tell. Soon the opportunity will arrive upon which the destiny of Europe may turn. Much that is mysterious will then be made plain. Meanwhile, Sir John French and the Press Bureau deserve to be complimented on yesterday's masterly report. Between the lines can be read the portent of great deeds. We have taken the Germans' measure. The day of reckoning will soon dawn.

Honoured Guests of England

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Photograph *Boute*

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM

IT is Britain's honour to have as her guests near London the Queen of the Belgians and her three children who arrived from Antwerp last week, and have found in England safety from the murderous German onslaught upon their country. They came at the invitation of King George, and have been staying for the last few days with Earl Curzon of Kedleston at Hackwood, Basingstoke

PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ

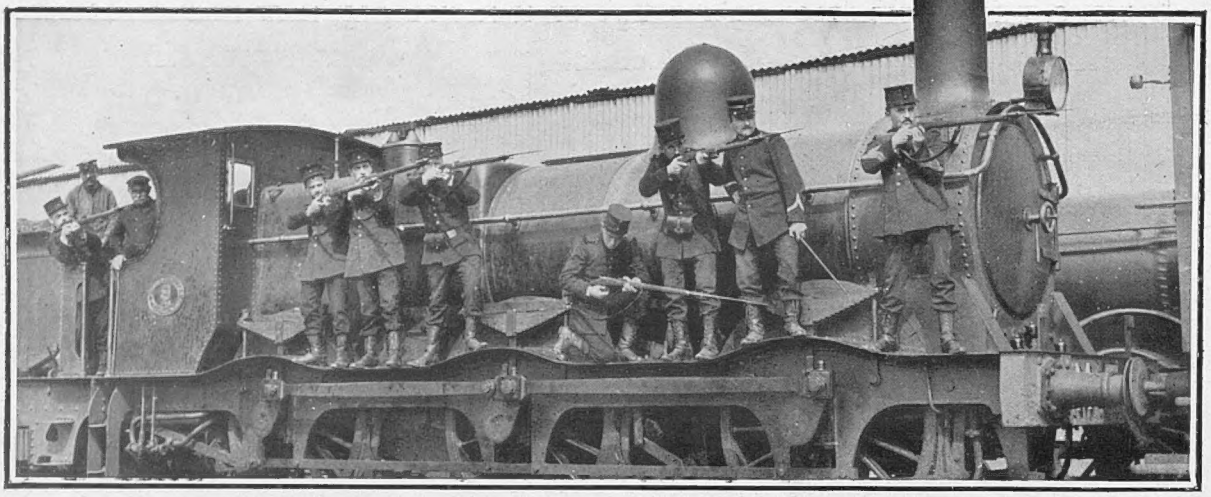
Daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, aged 8

PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUC DE BRABANT

Eldest child of the King and Queen of the Belgians, aged 12

Antwerp Gets Ready

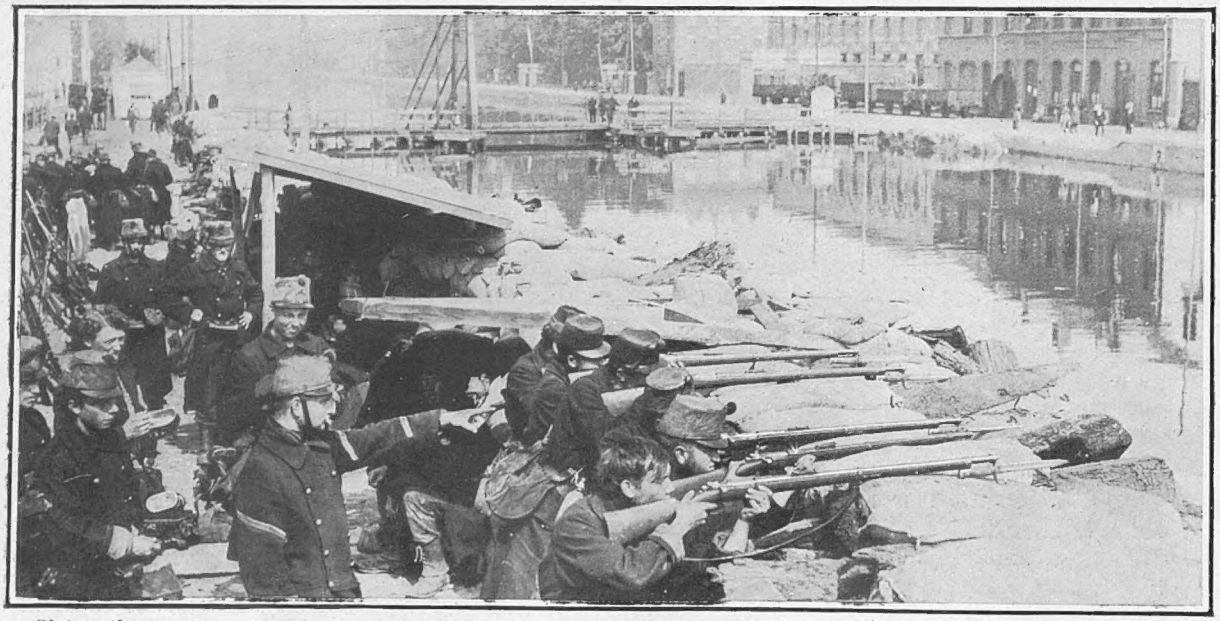
TO SAVE THE LAST REMNANT OF BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE



A WARM LITTLE PARTY READY FOR THE GERMANS

Some Belgian Soldiers surprising the Germans from a railway engine near Malines. We can be sure the enemy got a "hotter" reception than they bargained for from this little party by the engine boiler

TO CLEAR THE WAY FOR GUNFIRE: BUILDINGS DESTROYED AT WILLEBROECK



Photographs *Sport and General*

SANDBAGS AS COVER ON THE BANKS OF THE WILLEBROECK CANAL

Belgian soldiers are here seen defending the Willebroeck Canal, near Malines against the German army which is marching upon Antwerp. Sand bags make excellent cover, and the firing party look as "safe as houses." Unfortunately, however, "as safe as houses" is an expression which no longer carries much force in Belgium

The Case Against the Press

WHICH FAILED TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT A WAR IT FAILED TO FORESEE

"BLAME THE CENSOR"

IT was a little unseemly in face of the enemy that London should have had its attention drawn, even for a moment, from the gravity of the situation of our armies abroad to an ink-slinging match between rival newspapers at home.

Yet this is what was actually witnessed in the capital early last week. On Sunday, two of the papers owned by Lord Northcliffe published a despatch which painted in the darkest of colours the position of the British armies of the Left.

The *Times*, bitterly attacked by many of its contemporaries and rebuked by the Prime Minister, was able to prove that the despatch had been submitted to the Censor and published not only with his permission, but with his approval—more, at his request. It was able, therefore, to put its critics to the blush and to compel their apologies.

But does it, by transferring the blame to the Censor, altogether acquit itself? Does the existence of such a Person supersede in any way at all the responsibility of the newspapers themselves for the public effect of what they publish? A despatch, based on hearsay only, representing a British Army to have been practically "wiped out," is a terrible weapon in the hands of a newspaper editor, and it is for him, and not the Censor—especially one who is very fresh at his job—to decide how to use it, if he use it at all.

Men will, after all, prepare to risk their lives for their country, but to do so there must be always hope in their hearts. The *Times* filled us with despair, happily without reason. For all, as it turned out, all was *not* lost on St. Quentin's field.

THE TRUTH, AND THE TELLING OF IT

It is easy, however, to be wise after the event. No journalist can be sure how he would have acted in the unhappy place of the editor of the *Times*. What it is permissible to do is to compare how the London Press as a whole has handled the war with how it might have handled it. May it be respectfully suggested that from the start, and from *before* the start, Fleet Street has shown a lack of foresight, of grip, and of statesmanship? Is it not the business of journalism, as of statecraft, to anticipate the approach of war, and when war comes to "envisage" its operations with so wide an eye that the public mind may be in a fit state to face all its possibilities—glorious or sorrowful as they may be—so that whatever may happen to the nation's *materiel* all is well with its *moral?*

What is the state of mind in which we might have borne the progress of events since August 4 in comparison with that in which we have borne it? What has happened? In brief, this—the steady driving of the Allied Armies, with heavy loss, from position after position, to within the lines of Paris. While this has gone on in the West it is true that, on the other side, one of the enemies (Austria), the cause of the war, has met with defeat after defeat, while one of the Allies (Russia) has made steady progress to the chief goal of all the enemy's capital, where, if she reaches it, Peace would ultimately be dictated. So far as England herself is concerned, her war being a naval and an economic as well as a military one, she remains freer from defeat at her centre than she ever hoped to be, for the enemy's fleet has been reduced to impotence, his ports blockaded, his trade destroyed. Fourthly, the enemy has, by his horrible vandalism and cruelty, utterly destroyed his moral reputation, and has aroused against him the general hatred of the whole world.

ROSES, ROSES, ALL THE WAY

That is, briefly, what has happened. Not disaster, it is true, but military defeat, with extenuating circumstances, of the land forces with which England is personally allied. So far as the papers have been concerned, save for the one lapse we mention, it has been roses, roses all the way. We began with Liège, you remember, from which our placards and headings for days in succession led the public to believe that the war was over before it had begun, and all done by little Belgium, whose exploits in defeating 25,000 Germans and driving their General to suicide, put the heroism of all the ages to the blush. When the Germans got into Liège we were switched off to the glorious French successes in Alsace, and led to suppose that the lost provinces were recaptured and the *revanche* executed before the Germans had had time to move.

The British landing in France was described in such terms that we were led to suppose that "all was over but the shouting." No hint was given that these gallant fellows had before them the prospect of meeting the best-trained soldiers in the world. Well, the Germans then got into Brussels. Defeat? Oh, dear no! Merely the Kaiser's "theatricalism": an event of no strategic importance. Namur? Yes, it fell. But there, again, nothing to weep about. We were merely "luring them on." Mons-Charleroi, which history will record as a German victory, was so described that it might have been a British one. The papers, in their rapturous desire to throw flowers at our brave fellows, laid very little stress on the fact that they had been driven back.

OUR STRATEGIC RETREATS

When further retreat followed retreat we were told that it was still "strategic," and that so great had been our heroism that it was really a British victory. At the same time such tremendous capital was made out of the naval "scrap" of Heligoland and the Russian advance in Prussia that we practically turned a blind eye on what was going on in France until—that fatal Sunday! Then the deceitful optimism was dropped and an attempt made to plunge the nation into the very depths of gloom. Only to be promptly contradicted, though! Next morning, the papers put things quite right again, and instead of telling us we had been "annihilated" gloriously proclaimed that we had

"fought the enemy to a standstill." A day or two later, we read of a "Great British Victory," but when we looked at the day's war map, the tale was the same. The "defeated" enemy was twenty to thirty miles nearer Paris, which had been evacuated by the French Government. Roses, roses, all the way—from Liège even unto Paris.

OURSELVES ALONE AMONG THE PROPHETS

But graver, I think, is the indictment to be made against the Press for its handling of events before the war. What excuse has the Press for having failed completely to forewarn the British public of the danger of the war that came upon us so swiftly—a sword of Damocles which fell on John Bull's unprepared hide while he was bathing? I am aware that one paper claims to have "foretold the war." It certainly foretold *a* war, but I challenge it to prove that it foretold *this* war.

I remember sitting at lunch on Thursday, July 23, after a brief visit to the Continent, with a little party of politicians. To these men—representative of the higher intelligence of the nation—there was no question in the wide world other than the Irish, and the only "war" of which there was any thought at all was the Civil one in Ulster, a topic with which I had become bored to extinction. When I interrupted the eternal discourse with a reference to a probable European war I was laughed at to scorn. They had thought of *some* possibilities, but never of that. And naturally enough! For of the approach of the crisis no single paper—save THE BYSTANDER in its editorial article of July 22 (see quotation at foot)—had a single word until it came. Yet we had only to guide us in our surmise facts which our daily contemporaries mostly knew themselves and had recorded—in odd parts of their news-columns—facts which ought surely to have at least aroused their suspicions.

SIGNS THEY FAILED TO READ

On July 9, four weeks before war broke out, the German Press announced an enormous forthcoming increase in the German Army, as it was the intention of the Kaiser to support Austria in her coming attack on Servia. Simultaneously, it was announced that there would be a test mobilisation of the British Fleet.

On the 11th it was announced in the same German papers that the German gold reserve was to be doubled and banks were to keep in hand 10 per cent. of their deposits.

How was it that those events failed to arouse the suspicions of the sleeping lions of journalism? If they did, how came it that no one of these papers thought it fit to warn the public that there were other possible wars in prospect than the Civil one in Ireland?

A day or two later, on the 14th of July, we had two items of news which might have aroused at least interest. One was that Mr. Churchill—who seems to have been the only "live" man in the country—was taking energetic steps to accelerate equipment of the naval air service, and on the same day it was reported that the French Senator Humbert had made some most alarming revelations as to the unpreparedness for war of our French Allies, particularly in the matter of guns and boots.

Again, no suspicion, though, if what the Senator said were true, a more propitious moment for Germany to declare war could not have been devised. And Germany had already foreshadowed her own intentions to do so.

On the twentieth, King George delayed his visit to the Fleet at Spithead, and summoned a Conference on the Home Rule Bill—a most unusual and dramatic step for which he was freely criticised, and which doubtless His Majesty took in the full knowledge of how events were shaping on the Continent

THE ULSTER OBSESSION

Of this knowledge the London Press must have been abysmally ignorant, otherwise, surely, instead of tearing party passion to tatters over what was all the time a veritable quibble—I mean the question of the "exclusion" of four Ulster counties or six—it would surely have done its level best to allay dissension over Ireland and to prepare the British public for the prodigious national effort it was so soon to undertake. Even the heavy selling of continental stocks, the fall in Consols, the complete reorganisation of our naval commands, failed to divert the Press from its Ulsterical mania, and when the Conference broke down we were led to believe that there was to be War—in Ulster. Nowhere else! When Austria launched that fatal Ultimatum, and the week of crisis began, the Press hurriedly buried Ulster and gave us War with a vengeance. But how much better for England, even perhaps for the peace of the world, had she talked European politics a little more and domestic ones a great deal less, so that if we had to enlist new armies we could have done so from a population that had some knowledge of whom, and about what, it was fighting, instead of being rushed to arms in mad panic.

AND WHAT NOW?

It is of no use, however, crying over mis-spilt ink. The Press has been caught napping, and has failed alike as a prophet, a narrator, and a philosopher. But it can reform. As a first step in the change, why is there not assembled a Conference of Editors, who will arrive at various understandings as to how, censor or no censor, they should treat the nation in the hard times that are before it? Party politicians, with some exceptions, have signed a truce. Why not rival newspapers? What the country wants is as much of the truth as the officials will permit, plain and unvarnished, free from deceptive headings, recorded without either extreme optimism or extreme pessimism, by men with cool heads and a long sight. What it doesn't want are misleading placards, based on unconfirmed rumours: defeats doctored up to look like victories: retreats painted as disasters. And, lastly, I rather think it wants to *rest on Sundays*.

VIVIAN CARTER.

"The Bystander" Prophecy—July 22—a fortnight before the war

"To the London newspapers there seems no European problem at all, and this at a time when Europe is armed to the teeth in a state of preparedness any moment for the worst. The event of Serajevo, which is a 'dead' story to London, is a very live one to those who inhabit the European mainland . . . The interchange of 'civilities' (accompanied by Dreadnoughts) between various Powers, is looked on as due to a good deal more than the desire to be nice and friendly. To London, however, there is Ulster, Ulster, and only Ulster"

A Friend at Last

THE ENEMY (to the British slacker): "Thanks, mein friendt! Your neutrality in the war is most helpful to me"

(*But it doesn't look like lasting*)

BY VERA WILLOUGHBY

BELLICOSITIES

BY "JINGO"

IN England Germans are being naturalised: in Belgium unnaturalised.

* * *

There are persistent rumours that a nation called Austria is taking some part in the present war, supposedly upon the side of Germany.

* * *

Marine Light Infantry have been landed at Ostend—presumably that, as a result of the Censorship, war correspondents may have some audience for their stories.

* * *

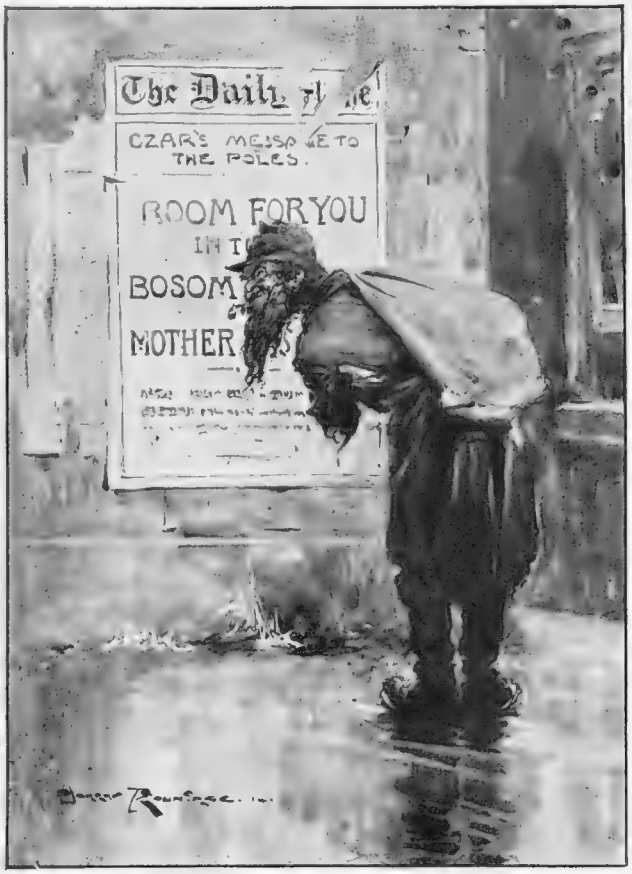
To the list of gentlemen who annually, about this time of year, fail to get across the Channel, must be added the name of the Admiral of the German High Sea Fleet.

* * *

Cyclists are being much employed on the coast for observation purposes. Lighting-up time is—when you meet a spy.

* * *

Talking of spies—but everyone seems to be doing it, so we won't.



THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!
And he probably took it!

By Harry Rountree

One of the histories of the war advertises that it is "for your children's children." The present generation will be glad to hear of one history which it need not buy for itself.

* * *

Confusing Wilhelm II. with Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, our troops, it is stated, call the Kaiser "William the Weed." And he thought himself a sunflower!

* * *

Much sympathy is felt with the giant gooseberry which, this year, owing to the war, has been quite unable to get anything like its usual summer show in the Press. We believe that on the present occasion, too, it was to have been particularly large.

* * *

Steps are being taken to close the public-houses early, and one patriotic publican at Aldershot closes before he need. We are in cordial agreement. At this time, particularly, we do not want to be a "tight little island."

* * *

Two special constables of German extraction have been charged with omitting to have themselves registered. We suppose each of the men will next be summoned for dereliction of duty in failing to arrest himself.

* * *

From the *Times* Agony Column:

"Are you going to sea this month? Reply here. We three."

But was the *Times* the best medium to catch the Kaiser's eye?

* * *

Throughout the fighting in the North Sea the other day a kitten sat under a British gun. More confidence in our fleet!

* * *

The Kaiser upon Italy:

"If she be not fair to me
What care I how fair she be."

* * *

Friction has arisen between the United States and Germany owing to the latter's refusal to let messages from Brussels go in code. The Germans in Belgium do not believe in a code—of morals, anyway.

* * *

Some time ago a weekly paper began a competition, a prize for which was a tour through Europe. But the Kaiser must not think that he has won it.

* * *

From the *Times* Agony Column September 3:

Daphne.—Aren't you ever coming on the river in my punt again at Richmond? Purple, black and white.—Eric.

If we know Daphne, not just now! "Front," Eric, is the word not "punt."

THE WAR FEVER—A VICTIM

The "He thought he could do Liège in one, but the Belgians laid him a stymie" friend who will talk war in golfing terms

From information supplied me by tourists I have drawn up a few

EMERGENCY REGULATIONS

(*To be studied by nervous Railway Passengers*).

THE company's responsibility does not include damage to life or property caused by riot or invasion of a foreign enemy.

Luggage, horses, and motor-cars are carried subject to their being commandeered by Government officials *en route*.

Passengers are requested to keep an eye on foreign tourists carrying suspicious parcels in the carriages. In case of an explosion, lie under the seat till the smoke has cleared away, keep cool, and assist the railway employees to remove the bodies.

The times in the time-tables indicate solely the hours at which trains hope to start and may possibly arrive. If stopped between stations do not scream or fire off revolvers.

Smokers are requested not to throw lighted matches into the ammunition boxes stored at stations.

Mail boats may not leave at the scheduled hour during a naval battle. No responsibility is taken, but all vessels are fitted with life jackets and rafts. Passengers can make their wills at the jetty before starting.

A Few More Hints

Explosions underneath a train are usually only caused by fog signals.

Passengers loitering near tunnels or railway bridges are liable to be shot by the military.

The company disclaims responsibility for anything. (This regulation seems to cover the whole ground fairly comprehensively.—Ed.)

The following abbreviations will be used temporarily in railway time-tables during the war:

G.E.—Germans excepted.
S.C.—Sporting chance.
C.O.—Cattle-trucks only.
A.P.—Aeroplanes permitting.
L.B.U.—Line blown up.
A.—Ambulance carriage.
N.E.—"No earthly."

One Who Mig

NAPOLEON (to the present defenders of France): "A hundred y

ght Have Helped

years ago, I returned from Elba. Do you not wish it were to-day?"

BY H. S. YEARSLEY

War in Its Social Aspect

THE ARCH-KILLER OF SHAMS

NOW that we have been at war just over a month, and not only been at war, but suffered from war, it is interesting to watch the effect on the social organism. In the first few days of the war this was impossible. To begin with, the imagination of Englishmen is slow, and people did not realise what war meant—a few do not do so still—except as regards financial stringency. In those days, moreover, we were going to land an army in Belgium, the Belgians were going to hold the frontier against a demoralised, hungry, unwilling German army till we were quite, quite ready, then the French and we and the Belgians were going to stroll arm-in-arm to Berlin. The whole thing was to take two or three months at the most—in fact, the supposed course of the Boer war all over again.

* * *

While these pretty little day-dreams occupied our brains we did not allow the war to bother so much as to excite us. Then came Namur, Mons, and the terrible, terrible losses of the British Expeditionary Force. We sat up, rubbed our eyes, and swore. The not infrequent gentlemen who used to complain of the Oval "being occupied by those beastly Territorials, and Surrey doing so well," became distinctly unfashionable. We began to have an inkling at last of what war meant. In other words, we had a slight attack of entirely wholesome fear. That was the first change war wrought in the frivolous, rather self-satisfied psychology of the "man in the street." He felt there was just a chance of losing, and quite a possibility of being very uncomfortable, so he really made up his mind to win, comfortable or not. Which was just as well.

* * *

Since then, the whole life of the community has really, not superficially, been affected by the war. Remarkably enough in some ways. But principally, of course, in the perception of what is truly essential and what is not. War comes down on the community like a Nasmyth hammer on a lump of half-molten metal. Bang! All the loose bits fly off on every side, and only the solid, integral mass is kept, shorn of every superfluity.

It is the fashion to pretend that all the little superfluous bits that are scattered to right and left are wholly futile, if not actually bad. But a little reflection will show that this is not so. For instance, take the artistic life of the community. It is almost brought to a standstill by war. Indeed, all purely intellectual and spiritual interests are, for a time, brushed aside by the material. Brawn is more popular than brain. The prize-fighter who slaughters half-a-dozen Uhlans is temporarily worth more to the community than the philosopher who teaches half-a-dozen of his fellow citizens how to find happiness. The artist is temporarily subordinated to the Philistine.

* * *

Still, I have sometimes wondered whether war is really quite so bad for art and literature as would appear at first sight. It is certainly bad, but is it altogether bad? War at least kills the drawing-room problem play, the frankly idiotic novel, the sentimental ballad. That is so much to the good, though it must be admitted that this war has produced a quite exceptional crop of bad poetry, and that all wars are responsible for terrible "patriotic" vulgarities masquerading as music. Nevertheless, on the whole, more rubbish is cleared than shot. In times of stress and anxiety men and women to whom art and literature really do mean something instinctively turn to the best, while the posers and the half-indifferent neglect them altogether. It is distinctly significant, moreover, that the Promenade Concerts are full while many of the music-halls are half-empty.

* * *

But if the effects of war on art and artists are, to say the very least, dubiously beneficent, there are many aspects of our social life which they undoubtedly change for the better. For instance, during war the Smart Set, that collection of rich, unimportant, and rather vulgar people who monopolise the illustrated papers in times of peace, vanishes into the air. I suppose it breaks up into its constituent parts; the better kind of male going to the army, the worse keeping quiet for very shame. It is difficult to see what the women can do. With all their thoughts given to display and frivolity they are hardly likely to be able to become useful at a moment's notice. Even the romance of incompetent nursing of wounded soldiers does not hold them very long. A butterfly cannot turn into an ant at a moment's notice.

* * *

There is a general opinion that the dance and war are ill-assorted companions. That is surely not so. Great warriors are often great dancers, even on active service. General Villa, who, whatever his moral shortcomings, is undoubtedly a fine soldier, is said to have danced a whole night through before the campaign against Torreon, and "the sound of revelry by night" in Brussels before Waterloo is familiar to every schoolboy. But that kind of dancing is very different from Tango-tea dancing, which is usually not so much dancing or tea as *tango* (see the Latin dictionary) in the original sense of the word. In fact, sensuality and the worst kind of it: mild, flirtatious, suggestive titivation of the senses. Nothing even healthily indecent about it. Just the license of those who are afraid.

* * *

War, at any rate, kills this kind of thing dead, because war destroys sham. If a man is going to be a beast in time of war he is a real beast, not an imitation. And war destroys a great many other kinds of sham as well. It destroys the fashionable sham of preferring two hundred acquaintances to a dozen friends. It destroys, metaphorically, and sometimes literally, the dinner-party and substitutes the dinner. It restores, not only from financial, but psychological, reasons the taste for simplicity. All these things are open for anyone in London to see for himself. Indeed, London to-day is about as like London of last June as the proverbial chalk is like cheese. Truly war is the greatest quick-change artist in the world. F. T.

The Very Compleat Angler

THE BRITISH SOLDIER, AFTER FIGHTING AT MONS, TAKES A LITTLE RECREATION

In describing the heavy fighting at Mons, a correspondent of "The Times" reported having seen a British "Tommy" seated quietly by a canal, fishing with a line tied to his bayonetted rifle, truly "a spectacle to inspire trust," as seen above. True to his native character, the Englishman at war takes his pleasures, if not sadly, at any rate earnestly, and with an eye to possible interruption!

BY HARRY KOUNTREE

Scenes in the Last Siege of Paris Which

THE ASPECT OF THE BOULEVARDS DURING THE LAST SIEGE OF PARIS

(Published in "The Graphic," February, 1871)

A DOG AND CAT BUTCHER'S AT PARIS

(From a sketch by Balloon Post in "The Graphic," published January, 1871)

In these days, to read casually of the German advance into France, the campaign before Sedan and the subsequent advance upon Paris, is to deal with a subject seemingly at once familiar to all of us. But when we find that in '70 the German forces before Paris occupied a line of but thirty miles from Villers-Cotterets to Rozoy, the enormous difference between the situation as it was then and as it is now is very forcibly brought home to us. They had, moreover, advanced from Sedan and Mézières

Will, Happily, Not Be Repeated To-day

BEFORE PARIS—VIEW FROM THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN

(*Published in "The Graphic," February*, 1871)

BEFORE THE CAPITULATION : A STROLL ON THE BOULEVARDS

(*By Balloon Post, published in "The Graphic," February*, 1871)

by way of Rethel and Rheims. In the present war their main lines of advance appear to be much further to the north in the district of Amiens, Beauvais and Compiègne. Paris was invested on September 20, 1870, nearly three weeks after Sedan, and held out for four months and ten days, capitulating on January 29, 1871. The pictures shown above are reproduced from numbers of the "Graphic" which appeared shortly after the Siege

Woman's Regard for Brute Force

OR, WHERE'S THE MILITANT NOW?

By "DOWNWRITER"

[*Our contributor must be understood to be expressing his personal views, and not those of "The Bystander."*—Ed.]

THE young men of the country are rolling up at last, and, to their credit, they're doing it in their tens of thousands. Not without first having thought the matter well over—for which deliberation they brought on themselves much scorn, particularly from newspaper scribes and *women*—yes, and Women: that's what I'm coming to in a minute.

The sight of young men smoking pipes and cigarettes seems to have maddened the Legion of Ineligibles (particularly the women). Why one should omit to smoke what one usually smokes because Tommy Atkins and his officers, themselves smoking, are bravely showing the stuff of which they're made on a foreign battlefield, I don't altogether see, especially as the evening newspaper the "Slacker" is reading as he smokes his cigarette, is telling him in the largest of possible type that everything is for the very best with his forces by land and sea—better, in fact, than the best.

Why, again, a man who, for various reasons, has not yet joined the colours (possibly because they've rejected or postponed him) should fail to eat his meals, walk the streets, listen to a band, or even—dare I say it?—or even handle a tennis racquet or golf club, or watch somebody else do it—this beats me yet again.

I cannot really see how we're going to help win a war that Lord Kitchener believes will last from three years upwards, and which I myself believe will last thirty on and off, by making ourselves dem'd miserable. As I read my papers, Tommy Atkins has gone to the war in anything but the spirit of a martyr going to the stake. He has gone, singing his favourite ditty, to "have a pot at the sausages," and on not a single face either going out or coming home wounded have I seen anything else but the expression of the Tommy Atkins of peace-time. Why, if the men who're actually fighting are keeping cool, should those who, for various reasons, aren't yet fighting, be expected to assume the air of a dying duck in a thunderstorm looking in the darkness for a piece of Pumpernicklel bread that isn't there?

"The Dear Sweet Creatures are offering, very kindly, to take on their jobs for them"

And why—here enters the Argument—why do Women, of all people, take upon themselves the duty of lecturing the Men about it? Every day I read the most scornful letters in the papers from various of them. I see it suggested that no woman should even look, far less speak, to a young man, even though he be her sweetheart, unless he is off immediately to the front. White feathers were to be publicly presented to all males who didn't pin to their buttonholes a copy of their birth, marriage, or medical certificates, or give some other outward and visible proof of non-eligibility for service.

This done—the young men all driven ashamedly to the front—the Dear Sweet Creatures, are offering very kindly—very kindly indeed—to take on their jobs for them so that, when they return to civil life three (or thirty) years hence they'll discover that they've only succeeded in keeping the German Army out to let the Female Army in. They'll find in possession of the land a Pharaoh's daughter who knows not Joseph, and has been able, as she always said she could, to get on very well, thank you, without him.

War, which Woman is invited to compel Men to wage *à outrance*, will give to her still militant sex a greater majority of the population than ever, and greater power to bring the Government to a standstill to compel it to grant to her, who has risked her life for nothing, equal rights to the men who have risked theirs for everything.

Now, let me make myself perfectly clear. I don't for one moment press for the abolition of the fine old motto, "None but the brave deserve the fair." Woman's favour and admiration must always remain one of the things that Man must hold before him as among the highest rewards for valour. It is quite proper for a woman to show clearly her admiration for bravery and sacrifice in a country's cause. But it must be part of the bargain that Woman's attitude in the matter is disinterested and consistent.

Firstly, Woman must not appear as in any way playing the game of the mouse in the absence of the cat. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* The favours of a woman who, after urging a man to go to the front, undertakes to take his place at his office, is a gift horse to be looked well in the mouth. As for the woman who, a few short months ago, was shrieking at me that the privileges of my sex were based on brute force alone, that she had the same right as I to decide by whom, and on what principles, the affairs of my country should be managed, for such a woman to appeal for protection to that same "brute force" is to be inconsistent. Men will be willing enough to listen to women who press them to risk their lives against Prussian shrapnel provided Woman accepts the corollary, *i.e.*, that the control of affairs of a State must be principally in the hands of the sex that fights to defend that State.

If we were fighting Germans with hatchets, stones, vitriol, horse-whips, teeth, and nails, instead of with Maxims and howitzers, rifles and bayonets, then Woman, being able to take an accomplished part in the fray, would have perfect right, after it was over, to join the Board of Settlement. But as we are fighting Germans with implements in the use of which Woman is quite unaccomplished, then Madam, I say with all respect, the Board of Settlement must be composed of "men only," or, to put it in other words, Parliament, after the war is over, must, so long as war continues to be fought with man-controlled implements, be elected by the men who control them. DOWNWRITER

How Some Englishmen—

—THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO WIN THE WAR

BY THOS. MAYBANK

"Trespassers Will Be—Interned"

VIOLATORS OF HOLLAND'S NEUTRALITY UNDERGOING THIS (PAINFUL?) PROCESS

BELGIANS WHO HAVE VIOLATED HOLLAND'S NEUTRALITY

Belgian prisoners leaving Alkmaar under Dutch escort for Friesland, where they will be interned for the remainder of the war. (The soldiers in busbies are Belgian guides.)

GERMANS WHO HAVE VIOLATED HOLLAND'S NEUTRALITY

A scene in the concentration camp at Bergen, near Alkmaar. Our artist after some considerable difficulty due to the unwillingness of the German soldiers to have pictures made of them, succeeded in making the drawings seen above, which seem to suggest that the warriors on both sides who have the easiest time just at present are those who, having violated Holland's neutrality, have been "interned" by that country

BY WILLY SLUITER

Russia's Road to Victory

By LIEUT.-COLONEL ROUSTAM BEK

[Roustam Bek was attached to the staff of General Stoessel during the siege of Port Arthur, and took part in the Pamir expedition and Boxer rebellion in China. He was also military correspondent for the Russian General Staff in the Greco-Turkish war, 1897, and after in Bulgaria and Macedonia. Now he is writing every day special war articles for the "Daily Express."]

THE TSAR, WITH THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS
Inspecting troops prior to their departure for the front

THE sudden mobilisation of the Russian Army in such a short period surprised all the world. The greatest surprise was for Germany and Austria. The Dual Kingdom, as well as her ally, never dreamed that Russia, which was always late, always unready, and which was deemed by German military experts fit for only defensive operations, dared not only repulse the invaders, but to start an offensive on the whole length of the frontier.

From Cape Polangen, on the Baltic coast, to the mouth of the Danube, in the Black Sea, Russia is faced for 738 miles by Germany and for 761 miles by Austria-Hungary.

The part of Russia between these States forms the Warsaw military district, the most important as well by its position as by its strategic significance, and it was, according to the German and Austrian plan, to be invaded by the enemy.

By holding this area the Russians can envelop the southern frontier of eastern Prussia and the northern frontier of Galicia, and if successful in that action it can undertake the forced march on Berlin.

After the Russo-Japanese War the Russian Army learned from very dear experience that modern strategy and tactics should be used, and during ten years gradually prepared for the war with Germany, which became extremely dangerous for Russia with her enormous and well-trained army. It was known to the Russian General Staff that Germany possesses far greater technical resources, such as light railways, artillery ordnance, and engineering stores, particularly for telegraphs, mobile siege equipment, etc., than Russia. It was known that Germany could mobilise more than a 5,000,000 army, and had made ready to march rapidly across the Russian borders with an army of more than 1,000,000 men. She has about twenty-three lines of railway leading to the Russian frontier, which opens to her the possibility of sending to the front more than 500 troop trains daily. She can concentrate the greater part of her armed forces (about seventeen army corps) on the Russian frontier within a few days.

On the other hand, Germany was certain that Russia could not concentrate her troops so quickly on the German frontier for defence, nor make any offensive march towards Germany. It was also supposed by the German General Staff that if Russia were to start the offensive Poland would revolt, and that there would be a great revolution in Russia. The propaganda for the rebellion of the Poles was allotted to Austria-Hungary, which worked on this line during many years through the Poles of Galicia. The Russian General Staff and Military Press did not oppose this conviction on the part of Germans, and, on the contrary, agreed with it, but gradually prepared a plan of campaign in quite a different way.

Nobody in Russia, even officers, knew that Russia would undertake the offensive against Germany and Austria. Austria-Hungary was considered as a weak State, being between Russia and Servia, which ought to play a rôle as a part of a Russian Army acting on the rear of the enemy.

The new War Minister, General Sukhomlinoff, with his General Staff, immediately after the Russo-Japanese war began to reorganise the whole Russian Army. The old incapable element of the officers' corps was replaced by a young one experienced through the last war and quickly promoted. Special attention was paid to the General Staff Academy and to the commissariat. The organisation became at last an excellent one. The artillery, with its Q.F. Scheider Canet (French guns), ameliorated by Russians, became better than the Germans, and quite new tactics elaborated on recent war experience were introduced to the army and kept a profound secret. Many railway lines of strategic importance were built to the German frontier.

Every year many Russian officers were sent to Germany and Austria-Hungary to study the language and many other things, and at last Russia succeeded in buying, through the Austrian Colonel Riedel, of the Austrian General Staff, all the mobilisation and distribution plans of the Austrian Army. The war was won without fighting.

(Continued on page 526)

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO VICTORY (concluded)

The quite new methods of mobilisation made it possible for Russia to mobilise an army of 4,000,000 in the first line and the same quantity in the second, beside the "Opoltchenic," which can be compared to the Territorials, and present a considerable figure, about ten to twelve millions of men, for internal duties.

It could be very easily proved to the English public that such a army can be mobilised in Russia, and it exists now.

The total military strength of Germany is computed at 4,500,000, but in reality there are more than 5,000,000. The whole population of Germany is 70,000,000. How many then could Russia mobilise if the Russian population totals 171,059,900? That is a simple arithmetic problem to which I suppose no more attention need be given.

With the outbreak of war Germany and Austria started the invasion of Russia. The Russian General Staff did not give any heed to this invasion until the whole Army was definitely mobilised. Some skirmishes with Russian outposts and small patrols of cavalry were despatched to Berlin as a great victory. The march on Warsaw and St. Petersburg of the victorious German Army was cheered in all Germany, but in two weeks the situation was quite changed. To the extreme astonishment of the Germans the Russians dared not only to repulse the enemy from both frontiers and to clear the Germans and Austrians from Russian ground, but the enemy made the Germans well understand that Russia, in a forced march, had started her advance on Berlin and Vienna. Only one month has passed since the declaration of war, and Russia has became master of nearly the whole of East Prussia and has, after a brilliant victory, captured Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, and the town of Halicz.

THE WEIGHT ON HIS MIND

With Cossacks at the head and the brilliant Life Guard's Cavalry which have shown extreme gallantry and swiftness in the charge, Russians everywhere overthrew the enemy, taking thousands of prisoners and numerous cannons, caissons, machine guns, rifles, and railway materials prepared for invasion of Russia.

The "impenetrable" East Prussia, as it was called by the Kaiser himself in his celebrated speech to the Königsberg cuirassier regiment, became the province of the Empire of the Tsar, and Königsberg is invested by Russian troops.

The towns of the invaded province were taken one after another, the enemy and population fled in horror of the Cossacks, and panic seized Berlin. The Kaiser understood now the real plan of the Russians, and ordered the reinforcement of the eastern army: he wanted a victory even if it were only a partial one. According to reports the losses of the Russians must be very heavy. Three of the best Russian Generals, Samsonoff, Martos, and Pestich, were killed. General Samsonoff, my late chief at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War, was a brilliant commander, and his death is deplored by all Russia.

This check was expected, and I have mentioned in the *Daily Express* many times that the Russian Army will meet many obstacles on the way to Berlin and this march may not be considered as a parade-march. In any case, this reverse cannot stop advances of the Russian Army on Berlin from Poland, and the rôle of the Army which invested East Prussia is a pure strategic one to protect this advance, neglecting the most terrible losses. In Austria the Russians have a real success. The Austrian Army will be undoubtedly crushed, and Russians will occupy Vienna. The enormous speed of the Russian Army forced the Kaiser to make all efforts as soon as possible to reach Paris, which is preparing for a siege and already has been bombarded from airships. The manœuvre of General Joffre is splendid, and this great strategist is acting in strict accordance with the move of the Russian Army.

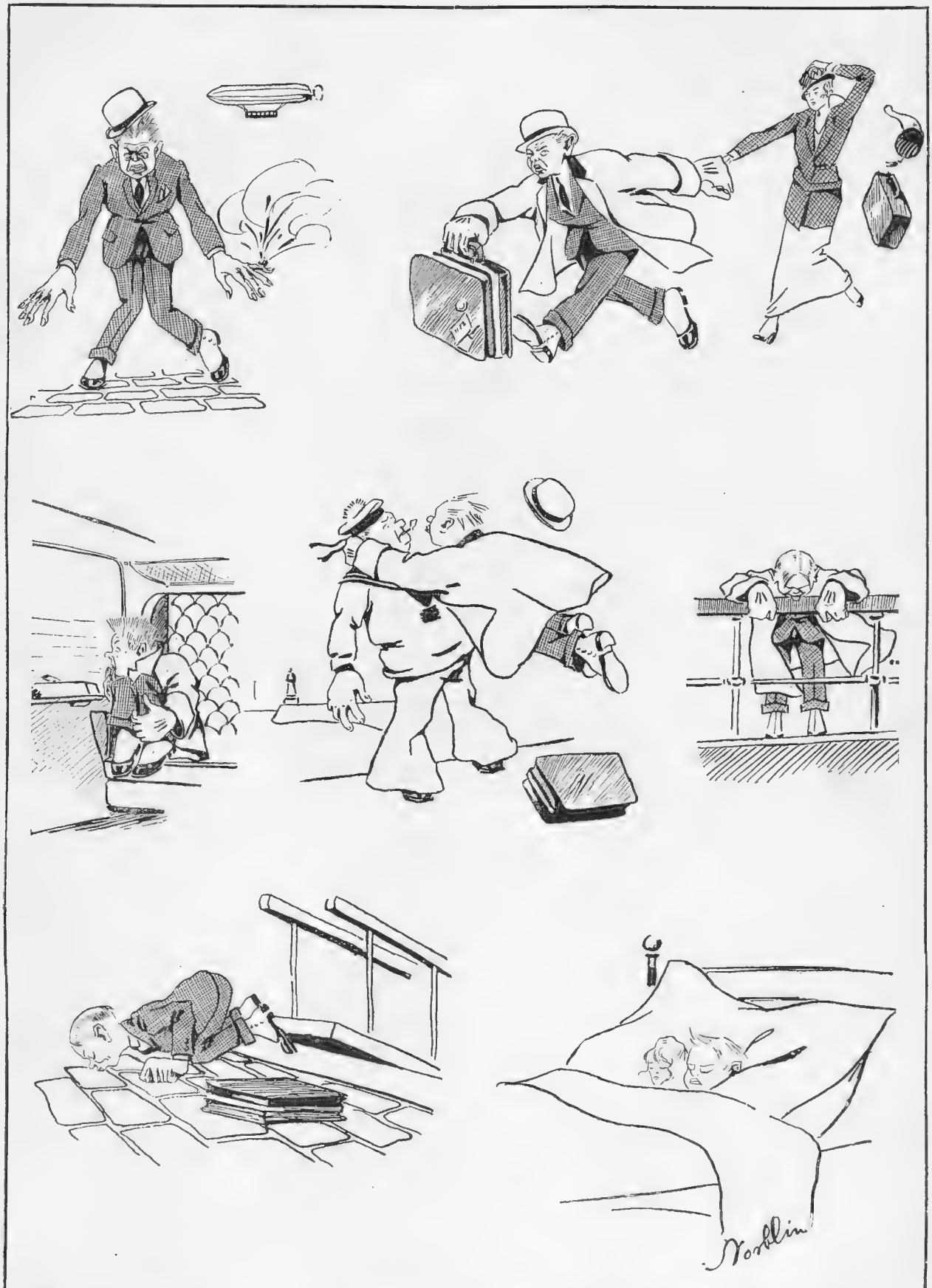
The Anglo-French-Belgian Army is retiring in splendid order, gradually diminishing the semi-circle of the defence line with temporary offence. This tactic of the Commander-in-Chief is very exhausting for the enemy, and is costing him heavy losses. The line of defence was never broken by Germans, and all their efforts to envelop the Allies were unsuccessful.

Falling on the entrenched line with fresh reserves the German Army will, it is to be hoped, meet its *débacle* at the hands of the Anglo-French-Russian forces, and the prophecy that not one German who crossed the French frontier will return to Germany may be realised. In declaring war on Russia the Kaiser neglected one important thing—that his legions shall meet besides a Russian Army a nation in arms, and that this nation represents one hundred and seventy-one millions.

That the War Lord has forgotten.

Antwerp to London

BY A BELGIAN ARTIST WHO DID IT



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS. BY M. S. NORBLIN, A REFUGEE FROM ANTWERP

"Tommy Atkins" at the Lyceum Theatre

BY "JINGLE" ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a play with a very obvious purpose, and its revival at the present juncture is well-timed. It is, of course, melodrama of the sheerest kind, with the respective qualities of virtue and vice laid on with a very thick brush. The people in this drama remind one of the little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead. When she was good she was very, very good; but when she was bad she was horrid. But the drama proved distinctly to the taste of the vast audience. As soon as the play had settled down the hero was cheered every time he came on the stage; and the villain frequently had to wait for the hissing to subside a little before he could get on with his sinful job. Many of the audience, indeed, were not satisfied with joining in the chorus of righteous reprehension, but made comments individually. On one occasion the villain, who happened to be an Army officer, was threatened with violence by a subordinate who recollected his position just in time. His restraint, however, was not at all appreciated by the audience. A lady in the gallery called out: "Go on, *'it* 'im!" and the cheering that greeted the appeal delayed the action of the play for the best part of a minute.

The hero is Harold Wilson, a curate, who, in spite of his pure and blameless life, finds the tyranny of his churchwardens intolerable. The sympathy of the audience is with him right from the start; but when he announces that he has decided to leave the Church and become a soldier of the King the applause becomes absolutely deafening. If the sentiments of the audience that evening were sound, there should be quite a rush on the recruiting offices during the next week or two. The military spirit is further encouraged by the usual happy-go-lucky Irish sergeant, without whom no melodrama can be said to be really complete. This part is in the capable hands of Mr. Maitland Marler, who, in the course of the evening, sings a first-class recruiting song, and gives by way of an encore the now immortal ditty emphasising the distance between anywhere and Tipperary. Further, there is a well-arranged church-parade with full military band, so that the management of the Lyceum may well claim to be doing its full share towards developing the martial enthusiasm of the country.

If the play has a fault at all, I should feel inclined to suggest (quite respectfully and timidly, of course) that the villains have been painted a little too black. There is Captain Richard Maitland, for instance. This amiable gentleman first of all abandons his wife and then murders her; seduces a young and lovely girl under promise of marriage, and then arranges marriage with another lady for the sake of her mere money. He is really so shockingly wicked that after a while his sinfulness becomes quite monotonous, and you find yourself wondering how he can manage to think up all these nefarious projects. Then there is Stephen Raymond, the Churchwarden, who is the main cause of the trouble which sends the parson-hero to join the colours. His manners are bad and his morals are worse. He is the wealthy father of the young lady who became a victim to Captain Maitland's wicked wiles, and when he hears the truth about his daughter he is quite offensively harsh. He begs that she will withdraw with her innocent babe to the gutter, where such as she belongs, and trusts that in due course she will die of starvation and exposure. One cannot be surprised that an audience should resent sentiments of this sort with vigorous hisses. The wonder to my mind is that they did not begin to throw things.

The broadly comic business is very liberally emphasised by Mr. Herbert Williams as an impossible organist and choirmaster named Ebenezer Skindle. Mr. Williams has all the usual tricks of the low comedian and a few more besides, and every one of them tells. Nobody would have guessed that we were in war-time by the peals of laughter that greeted this successful comedian's untiring efforts to keep the fun rolling; and his adventure with a gallon jar of beer brought down the house. Another reference to the national drink was made by the parson-hero himself in defending his action in having treated a couple of travel-worn tramps to a little liquid refreshment. He said that tea and coffee were all right for women and children; but a Man needs Beer. The applause that greeted this glorious sentiment must have been audible in the street outside. *Tommy Atkins* should fill the Lyceum Theatre for weeks to come. It is so well constructed for its special purpose and so capably acted that its success must have been a foregone conclusion. JINGLE

The Drama to the Rescue

OF THE RECRUITING SERGEANT

"Tommy Atkins," which has been revived at the Lyceum Theatre, has been put on with a very obvious and laudable purpose at the present juncture—to help fill the recruiting offices. Whether it will attain its object remains, of course, to be seen, but if it doesn't, it will not be the fault of the play. Incidentally, it is quite an entertaining piece and admirably acted

BY NORMAN MORROW

Fashion and the War

BY "EFEMERA"

A Prediction

It is too soon to announce with any certainty the effect of the war upon fashion. Wars in which we were not as a nation involved have frequently influenced styles to a marked degree, as, for instance, the inundation of Garibaldi blouses during the Italian *Risorgimento*, not to mention the semi-barbaric colouring and cut of clothes following the Balkan war. Personally, I predict a period of great simplicity.

The Use of Old Clothes

Just now the chief problem is not so much the ordering of new garments as how best to utilise one's old clothes. For most women economy must be the rule for some time to come, and, fortunately, the present fashion lends itself quite admirably to the rejuvenation of existing wardrobes. There is no reason why any woman possessed of a modicum of ingenuity and a reasonable supply of serviceable, even if old-fashioned, frocks, should present a dowdy appearance. The long tunic, or overdress, is a very present help in time of trouble. All kinds of materials may be used together, and it is quite possible to turn two old frocks into one smart one, or with a minimum of expenditure in *tulle*, chiffon, or *ninon* satisfactorily to remodel an antiquated evening dress. Fortunate in these days is the woman who has consistently put by for future use out-moded frocks of good material; she has, ready to hand, an invaluable stock upon which to draw.

BE PREPARED!

"Give me a gross of safety pins, please!"

By Alfred Leete

With Taffeta and Serge

Suppose that you have a taffeta, satin, or brocade frock with the draped bodice and straight, skimpy lines of two years since. Take the skirt for a foundation—a short one—supply a long, full tunic of *tulle* or *ninon* and use the discarded bodice and train as a draped hip girdle. For the top a little *tulle* and a few odd bits of lace will more than suffice. With practically no fresh expense you have an entirely new frock that need in no way betray its homely origin. The same principle applies to heavier materials. A long serge skirt of almost forgotten fullness shortened at the top and laid in flat pleats over the hips will, with the addition of a Roman striped girdle or waistcoat, a narrow satin underskirt, and a long tight-sleeved bodice of satin, serge, or both combined, make a smart and serviceable toilette for street and daytime wear. Let every woman of moderate means revise her wardrobe with a practical eye, determine possibilities, and make the most of them. It is surprising how much may be done with apparently the least promising of material. All that is required is a little ingenuity and a general sense of fitness and effect.

No Need for Humiliation

This sort of economy is to many an unpleasant necessity. Most women hate the thought of being less well-dressed than their friends and acquaintances. There is a quite unreasonable sense of humiliation attached to the wearing of made-over-at-home clothes when a woman stands alone in this respect, but where all, or, at least, many, are in the same boat the application of personal ingenuity is both stimulating and amusing.

Misplaced Zeal

All this, of course, only applies to the woman whose dress allowance has been suddenly curtailed — which proceeding is generally the first manifestation of male economy. Whatever the club and other expenses of monsieur, madame, in case of financial difficulties, is invariably expected to make one shilling do the work of five. It is not only absurd, but unpatriotic, for the woman of means needlessly to cut down her expenses. Anything that women can do to prevent the disorganisation of trade is far more valuable than contributions to charity, however worthy the motive. The ladies who spend their spare time in sewing for the Army and Navy and the poor would perform a useful service in putting out the work to struggling sempstresses. Not only would the garments be better made—amateur sewing, in spite of zeal, is apt to be slipshod—but a considerable amount of needless distress would be avoided. Prevention is better and easier than cure. Sentiment, from an economic point of view, is the negation of both common-sense and real patriotism.

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Playing Games by Proxy

THE WEAK SPOT IN PROFESSIONALISM

IN a survey of the many and far-reaching effects of the war, one cannot help being struck by the way in which it has served to reveal the weakness of the professional side of sport. It is, moreover, because of that weakness that sport in nearly all its branches is somewhat under a cloud just now, despite the fact that the King has let it be known that it is his wish that racing should continue. Nor can there be any doubt that in the almost universal outcry which has been raised against "playing games" at a period of such grave national anxiety as the present, the real point at issue has been somewhat obscured, and that the necessary differentiation between what is legitimate in sport at the present time and what is illegitimate, has been to a large extent lost sight of.

***

It must not be forgotten that "they also serve who only stand and wait," and that those of us who are condemned, as it were, to pursue our normal course, may console ourselves with the reflection that by so doing, and even by indulging in our customary recreations, we are contributing something to the vitality of the nation. Athletic pursuits, because they conduce to fitness, are probably the most desirable recreations for people so circumstanced. To contend that their athletic pursuits must be put an end to is all wrong.

***

There is a section of the community, however—and a very large section at that—which plays its games by proxy. Instead of playing games itself, it watches other people play, and it is mainly to those who affect this form of recreation that the professional athlete owes his existence. Now the watching of games is in itself a harmless and fairly healthy recreation, nor have I any quarrel with those who occasionally amuse themselves in this way.

***

But there are some (I am referring, of course, more particularly to the crowds who watch professional football) who devote the whole of their leisure to this one form of amusement. Not only do they go and watch football whenever they can, but, even when they cannot, they think and talk of nothing else. I have always felt that even in normal times there must be something wrong about this. Times like the present make me feel certain that there is. I don't contend that they should all enlist. They may not all be able to, and they are not all wanted—yet. But the time may come when they will be. And in the meantime they should be doing something to prepare themselves for that time when it comes—something better than looking on at a raree-show. But they can't see it because football has become so much an obsession with them that it has sapped their intelligence. The question whether England is going to win or not is quite of secondary importance as compared with the question whether the team whose colours they sport in their caps is going to beat its next opponent in some league competition or other next Saturday.

***

The weak spot in professionalism is to be found not among the professionals themselves, who in their particular line of business are as honest, as hard working, and as competent as need be, but in the baneful effects which are produced by the exercise of that business upon their customers. There is nothing disreputable in being a publican or a vendor of drugs, but when the drink habit or the drug habit becomes prevalent enough to stand in the way of national efficiency something has got to be done. It is the same with the habit of playing games by proxy, and it is the instinctive sense of this danger which has led to the recent indiscriminate outcry against the playing of games—by proxy or otherwise. H. S. S.

How Motorists Can "Carry On"

Carry On

NO, we cannot write of business as usual; that is transparently silly. All that is possible is that we shall be usual—or as usual as we can. It is a difficult thing to get away from the theatre of war, and few there be that manage it. And when they succeed they do not find a very attentive audience. That is not because conceptions of patriotism differ so vastly in this regard. When one can get at them in an intimate way they are entirely agreed upon the desirability of "carrying on." "Business as usual?" they say, "why, certainly; *but*——"; and we learn how Pegoud the tumbler pigeon turned militant aviator and no longer concerned with the circus, raided the enemy's country, destroyed convoys and aeroplanes, and returned in safety to his own lines with ninety-seven bullet holes in his plane canvas. We hear of how the Germans are advancing toward Paris and how the Russians are descending upon Berlin; and the motor-car and the aeroplane come into the talk as instruments of military efficiency—and, incidentally, to justify my reference to the war when, by rights, I should be "carrying on" more or less in the usual manner.

***

Without Apology

So. With the best intentions in the world we are side-tracked in our endeavour to keep a straight course, and robbed of our resolution to keep an even keel. But however that may be, the postulate is not to be refuted. Everyone who, by argument or example, can persuade those of his fellow-citizens who cannot be of military service to sit tight and carry on, is doing more for his generation than many to whom statues have been erected. Why, hang it, gentlemen, we are only up against two countries in the world and, comparatively, we do precious little business with either of them. Shall they wholly upset our equilibrium? The fact that we are up against them has, in a measure, multiplied our opportunities. The way to advantage by those opportunities, maintain and increase our credit, is to sit tight and—carry on.

***

Judging Tyres

A little homily from the Palmer Tyre Company upon the real test of tyre economy very properly emphasises the necessity for dividing first cost by mileage before deciding that any particular cover is cheap. As a matter of fairly obvious fact, judgment cannot be passed either upon purchase price or upon results secured from one tyre whether they be good, bad, or indifferent. High mileage from one cover may fairly incline the motorist toward a further test; but I should hold my judgment in suspense until at least another two or three tyres had confirmed the witness of the first. In short, make the test cover four tyres, strike an average, give comfort and appearance their just value in the sum, and then pass the verdict. By the standard so established Palmers famous cords will, I doubt not, be found in the front rank of the world's best.

***

Par-Boiled!

"Half a million happy miles"; being the testimony of sixty odd Straker-Squire owners who are very sure that the S.S. is the finest of its class to be had. They are about right.—Rolls-Royce write that although the Continental market has its shutters up owing to the war, everything westward as far as Australasia is as before. They are making war materials at the Derby Works, and between that and the car demand a goodly percentage of the men are on full time, plus bonus.—Packard, one of the first and finest products of the American automobile industry, world-famous as the exponent of the best of everything automobilious, has plumped for the Dunlop detachable wheel. Dunlops submit this is a handsome tribute to the simplicity and security of the wheel. Agreed, most cordially. ALEX. J. M. GRAY

THE
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No. 562.—Vol. XLIII. Wednesday, September 9, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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FOR SALE AT A MODERATE PRICE.
1,000 ACRES.
FIRST-RATE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE.—Delightful moderate-sized RESIDENCE, standing high with superb views, in finely timbered park: spacious halls, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; all modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, telephone; stabling, garage; cottage; charming but inexpensive grounds.
FIRST-RATE SHOOTING WITH EXCELLENT COVERTS.
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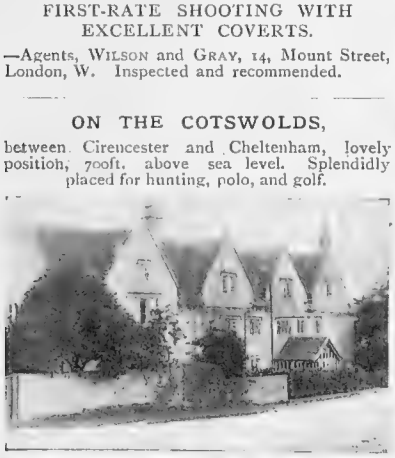

GENUINE JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE,
containing a large quantity of old oak and many interesting features: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 5, garage; 3 cottages; delightful gardens with fine old yew trees, grass and woodland of 32 acres. Price £3,500, Freehold.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W., and Yeovil.

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SUSSEX COAST (close to harbour, with safe yacht anchorage, on outskirts of quaint old village).
A PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSE AND FINELY TIMBERED PARK of 82 ACRES.
12 bedrooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms. Perfect repair. Stabling, garage. 10 cottages. Delightful gardens.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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Genuine unrestored small TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, with old oak panelling and characteristic features.
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40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
500ft. above sea level. Gravel soil.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED, a fine ELIZABETHAN MANSION in grandly timbered park: 26 bed and dressing rooms, 6 reception, and billiard room; stabling, motor garage; the gardens are noted for their beauty; electric light throughout.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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FOR SALE.
A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,
DATING FROM 1296.
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Close to golf links, beautiful open commons, and the Downs.

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Delightful spot about 4 miles from Tunbridge Wells.
FOR SALE, AT A MODERATE PRICE.

A GENUINE ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE (A.D. 1591),
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SUPERB OLD OAK PANELLING, BEAMS, AND FIREPLACES.
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36 ACRES OF GROUNDS INTERSECTED BY RUNNING STREAM.
Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W., who strongly recommend from personal knowledge.

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(high position on the Cotswolds).
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FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

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15 bed, 4 reception, 4 baths; stabling, garage; every comfort; electric light; wonderful gardens and grounds of 4½ ACRES.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

GOING CHEAPLY.

PRICE ONLY £2,000 WITH 4 COTTAGES.

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7 ACRES OF GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Property bounded by own trout stream.

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MOTOR GARAGE.
EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF NEARLY 8 ACRES.

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£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), on which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or £1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident; (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

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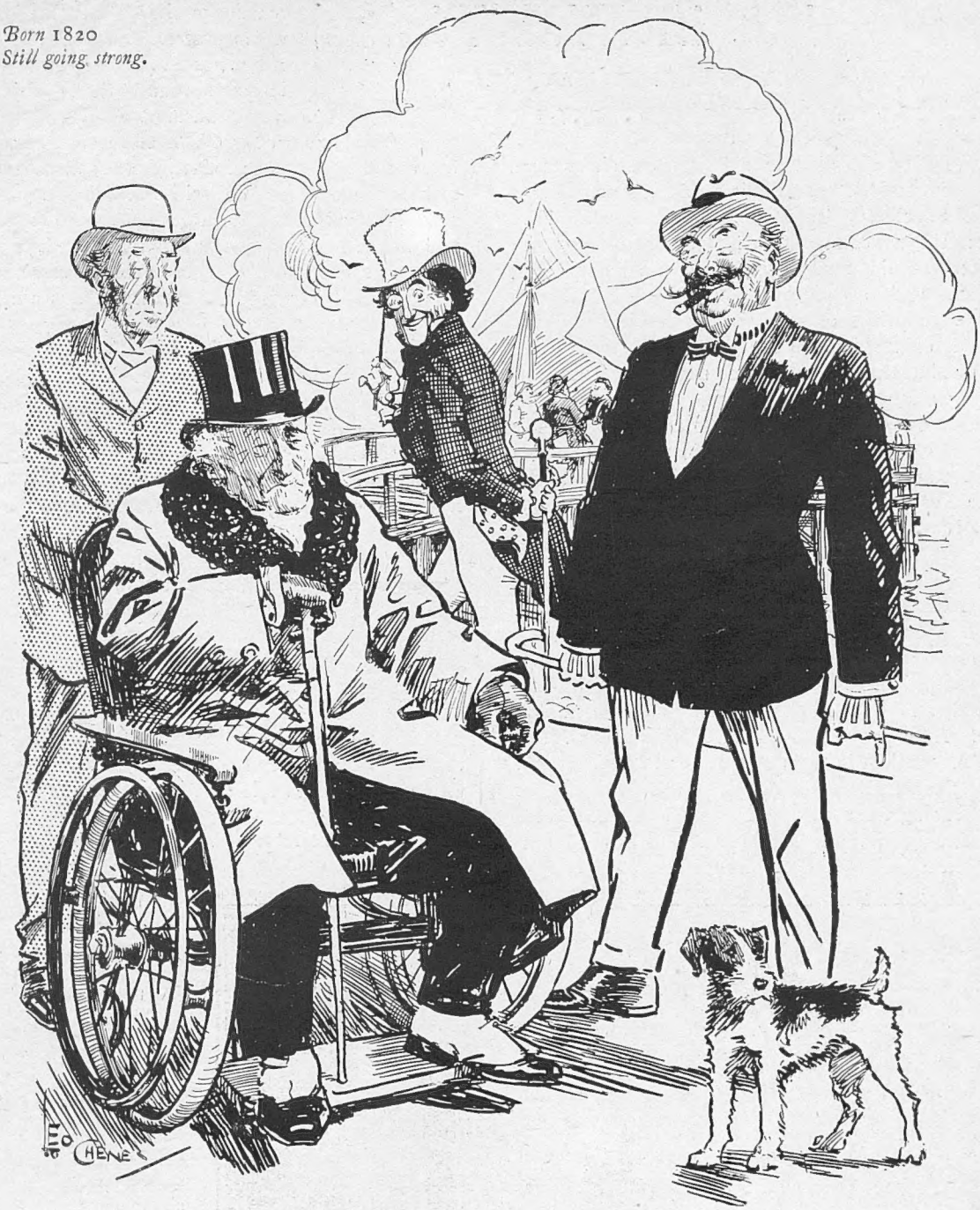

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Shopping in War-Time

BY MRS. JACK MAY

A Novel Suggestion

EVER on the alert to aid and abet all engaged in work for our soldiers and sailors, Messrs. Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road, have hit on the novel plan of supplying shirts, cut out and ready to be made, each garment the regulation pattern, and accompanied by simple and very lucid descriptions of the various sections and the methods of making. Only those of us who have been behind the scenes at some one of the numerous village working parties can realise the immense boon these cut-out shirts of Shoolbreds must be. Simply yards of good materials have been wasted in endeavours to arrive at a successful result, and divers designs put forward as the one and only style accepted by the authorities.

Regulation Shirts

The price of Shoolbreds' regulation shirts, cut out in good reliable flannels, are respectively 3*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.* At the same time, well-made shirts of every description are ready and waiting acquisition, together with bed-jackets and pyjamas, each garment faithfully following all the decreed lines for comfort and commonsense. Army pattern nightshirts start at 5*s.* 6*d.*, excellent qualities being provided at 9*s.* 6*d.* and 12*s.* 9*d.*, strong flannel shirts, suitable for either day or night wear ranging from 4*s.* 11*d.* up to 8*s.* 6*d.*, while also commanding serious consideration is Shoolbreds' "Helpless Invalid" Shirt ingeniously designed to fasten with tapes so that the patient remains undisturbed throughout the whole process of dressing.

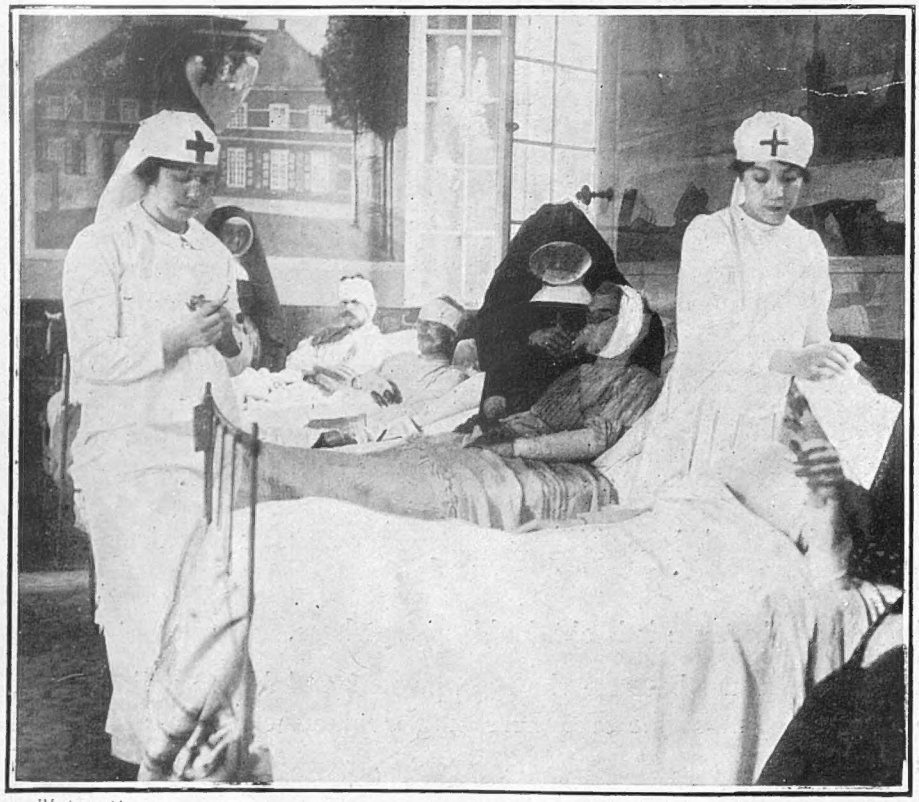
For hospital use no garments are in greater request than bed-jackets, a soft washing fleece variety that Shoolbred is selling at 5*s.* 6*d.*, 8*s.* 6*d.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.* putting forward strong claims; in fact, there is no single garment approved by the authorities that does not receive special recognition at Tottenham House, the reputation maintained here for always supplying sterling worth standing sponsor for the very genuine value of the goods specially secured in the cause of this cruel and terrible war.

For Red Cross Work

Messrs. Shoolbred have issued a price-list of things in demand for the Red Cross Hospital requirements that will be found most helpful to everyone interested in the all-absorbing subject. And it is hardly necessary to point out that the whole range is covered in the most comprehensive manner. From materials by the yard, made up garments, nurses' outfits, and knitting wools, up to field equipments, such as waterproof kit-bags, nurses regulation trunks, etc., camp furniture, ironmongery and drugs, nothing is overlooked or scamped in the endeavour to meet the needs of the moment in a generous and patriotic spirit. Truly all of us should rally round the flag, and to the best of our ability add our mite, however small it may be, to the general scheme of things that keeps starvation from the door of hundreds and thousands of our working men and women in this time of storm and stress.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Comforts

Knitting has invariably proved a solace to a large majority of women in times of trouble, the "dull mechanic exercise" helping to wile away many a weary hour, and among the immediate needs of our soldiers and sailors on active service are socks, while in the near future helmets will put in strong claims for consideration. At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, a little book, entitled "Soldiers' and Sailors' Comforts," comprising very simple instructions for knitting socks, etc., can be had for one penny, the requisite wools being also supplied at a moderate cost, such, for example, as 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 8*d.* per pound for best service wheeling wool and 3*s.* to 4*s.* per pound for khaki wool, specially recommended for the popular Balaclava helmet. At



Photograph *Alfieri*

THE HUMANE SIDE OF WAR: IN A BELGIAN HOSPITAL

There is a humane side of war, even of such a cruel one as is now raging, and it is to be found in the hospitals, where, with infinite tenderness and care, brave women are doing all that can be done for the wounded. Above is a picture of the interior of a Belgian hospital, where a Sister of Mercy and assistant nurses are engaged in the work of their great calling

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Fine Quality Real TURKEY CARPETS in perfect condition, from £3 17s 6d.; large Real TURKEY RUGS to match, 17s. 6d.; 24 SOLID MAHOGANY DINING-ROOM CHAIRS, with spring upholstered seats, covered leather, 10s. each, EASY CHAIRS to match, 25s. each; Handsome Solid MAHOGANY SIDEBOARD, 6ft. wide, made by Weston and Gill, £6 10s.; Solid Mahogany DINING TABLE, extending to about 12ft., £5 10s.; 9 Exceptionally fine SOFTLY SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, some covered morocco leather, with loose down cushion seats (part removed from the Imperial Services Exhibition), from 35s. each, with LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS to match, from 15s.; Fine QUEEN ANNE DESIGN DINING-ROOM SET, complete if taken in one lot, 18 GUINEAS; or can be had separately as follows: The Elegant SIDEBOARD, 5ft. wide. perfect condition, £6 15s.; SET OF EIGHT CHAIRS, including 2 Carving Chairs and 6 smaller to match, £7 15s.; Round Extending DINING TABLE with extra leaves, £4 10s.

A Complete JACOBEAN DESIGN DINING-ROOM SET exceptionally well made and finished, for 13 GUINEAS the lot, or can be separated; Important 7 FEET WIDE CHIPPENDALE DESIGN SIDEBOARD, 28 GUINEAS, with Magnificent WINE SARCOPHAGUS to match, 12gs.; IMPORTANT SET OF CHIPPENDALE DESIGN CHAIRS, with exquisitely carved frames, upholstered morocco leather, 55 GUINEAS (connoisseurs should inspect); IMPORTANT CHINESE CHIPPENDALE DESIGN 8 FEET WIDE SECRETAIRE BOOKCASE, 100 GUINEAS (would suit collector); the CHIPPENDALE ROUND DINING TABLE, extending to 14ft. long, with Elaborately Carved Claw and Ball Legs, 18 GUINEAS; 4 GRANDFATHER CHIMING CLOCKS, Several Old English CHIMING BRACKET CLOCKS, from 2gs., in perfect order; Mason's Iron Stone China and other DINNER SERVICES, Choice DESSERT SERVICES, Old Flint and other SETS OF TABLE GLASS, a complete Set of over 100 Pieces, finely etched, being offered at £5 10s.; Complete CANTEEN by Eminent Makers, containing Cutlery by Mappin and Webb, Elkington, Rogers, etc.

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in Empire, Louis Quatorse, and Louis Seize Styles, comprise CHESTERFIELD SUITE of 7 pieces, covered Silk and beautifully spring upholstered, 12 GUINEAS; Several very Fine CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, 6ft. 6in. long, £4 15s.; Softly sprung EASY CHAIRS, 35s.; Elegant Carved and Gilt LOUIS XIV. SALON SUITE of 7 PIECES, Spring-upholstered throughout, and covered with choice Silk, 12 GUINEAS; Carved and Gilt Tables, Cabinets, Wall Mirrors, Jardinières, and Footstools. A very Fine Collection of Boule and Inlaid Tortoiseshell Cabinets, Tables, Writing Cabinets, also Vernes Martin painted French Commodes, Writing Bureaux, Encognieurs, Pedestals, etc. An Exceptionally fine Selection of Decorated Satinwood Furniture, very beautifully painted by Signor "Fernandez," with Medallions and Garlands of Flowers, etc., including a lovely Satinwood Pianoforte, the Whole Lot to be SOLD Without Reserve.

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the same time ready-to-wear knitted comforts can be had at prices that are quite exceptionally moderate, 1*s.* per pair being asked for socks, 2*s.* for helmets, 1*s.* 6*d.* for woollen scarves, and 8*s.* 11*d.* for excellent Shetland knitted cardigans.

In Cotton Fabric

The material department at Debenham and Freebody's, specially equipped for the British Red Cross Society, contains every possible woollen or cotton fabric suitable to the cause of soldiers' and officers' garments, and, in order to keep their large staff of workers in regular employment during the hard times we are now compelled to pass through, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are ready and prepared to make up any materials into the requisite garments at quite exceptional rates. Nightshirts, the regulation shape and perfect in every respect, are made for 12*s.* 6*d.* the dozen, the same excellent work being put into the least expensive army shirting at 9¾*d.* the yard, as the best quality red flannel at 1*s.* 11*d.* the yard. Similarly with perfectly modelled pyjamas.

Bed-Jackets and Dressing-Gowns

Any material can be selected and made in Debenham and Freebody's own workrooms by expert hands at the cost of 15*s.* the dozen garments, and so on throughout the whole list of requirements for hospital or field use. Of course, there are shirts for day and night wear, including the sad, but necessary, "Helpless Case" model, arranged with tape fastenings, bed-jackets, and dressing-gowns for soldiers and officers, all ready for immediate use, and the supply is to be kept up to the demand, which is simply enormous, the value offered by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody standing second to none. All the materials used are of first-class quality, and every model turned out has been passed by the British Red Cross Society.

A special section of the house has been devoted to nurses' outfits, and an illustrated catalogue can be had containing full particulars as to styles, prices, etc.

Military Equipment

Messrs. John Pound and Co. announce that they are devoting special attention to military equipments. A very old-established firm of high repute among Army officers, they are particularly reliable for leather goods, bags, camp-cases, and the whole range of impedimenta associated with camp life.

Burberrys and the War

In spite of being inundated with orders for military kit, in which, since the South African War, Burberrys have specialised with such splendid results, this enterprising firm has, without interruption, continued its seasonable innovations in ladies' outdoor dress, which, as usual, will be the universal standard of autumn and winter fashions. Burberry weatherproofs, owing to their wonderful wearing properties, are economical as well as efficient, and the new Burberry cloths eclipse in beauty of colouring and artistic originality of design any hitherto introduced. A postcard to Haymarket will elicit illustrated catalogue and patterns.

Patriotism in the Motor World

As a result of a short address by Mr. J. D. Siddeley to the unmarried men employed at the works of the Siddeley-Deasy Motor-Car Company, Ltd., at Coventry fifty-eight of them enlisted for the war. Mr. Siddeley's eldest son has volunteered, and another has joined a training corps.

The Walker's Paradise

My readers will be pleased to observe that the Great Central is one of the few railway companies which has not curtailed its train service or cheap excursion facilities by express trains from London (Marylebone). Those who do not, this season, intend to visit the usual seaside resorts will, no doubt, spend their week-ends in the country while the summer weather lasts; and of all the outlets to the north from London the country through which the Great Central runs presents more of the virgin and unspoiled beauty than any other district so near Town. The tourist in search of new ground for his week-end holiday could not do better than look for it in the delightful districts of Middlesex, Herts, and Beechy Bucks. Cheap week-end, day and half-day tickets are issued to a large number of stations near London. For details send postcard to Publicity Office, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W. (mentioning this paper) for copy of programme.

Another Patriotic Firm

I am happy to note that with commendable patriotism Messrs. Spiers and Pond, Ltd., are granting half-pay to, and keeping their positions open for, the whole of their married employés who have joined the Colours.

The Menu: Some Recipes for Chutney

Green Tomato Chutney

Put one pint of vinegar in a preserving pan with ½ lb. of Demerara sugar. Boil until the sugar is dissolved. Then add 1 lb. of green tomatoes, 1 lb. of apples, all cut up small, ½ oz. of ground ginger, ½ oz. of mixed spice, six chillies (only the seeds to be used), ¼ lb. of sliced shallots, ½ lb. of sultanas. Add salt to taste. Put all into the vinegar, and boil well together until thick and quite firm.

Red Tomato Chutney

Four pounds of ripe tomatoes, 2 lb. of apples, 2 oz. of crushed mustard seeds, ¼ lb. of salt, ½ oz. of chillies, 2 oz. of garlic, 3 oz. of root ginger, 2 lb. of Demerara sugar, 1 lb. of sultanas, two quarts of vinegar. The ingredients should be weighed after they are prepared for cooking. Peel and slice the tomatoes, peel and core the apples, crush the mustard seed, peel and mince the garlic, shred the chillies with scissors, scrape the ginger root, pick over and clean the sultanas. Put all the ingredients into a preserving pan, and boil till tender but firm. Put into hot jars or bottles, cover with air-tight coverings, and store for use.

Tomato Pickle

Slice 5 lb. of full-grown green tomatoes into an earthen bowl; sprinkle salt on each layer of slices, and let them remain twelve hours; then drain them from the salt and water, which runs from them, and put the sliced tomato into an enamelled saucepan. Pour over the slices a quart of good vinegar, ½ lb. of Demerara sugar, ½ lb. of sliced onion, three red pepper pods sliced, ½ oz. each of bruised root ginger, cloves, peppercorns, and mustard seed, simmer all these ingredients until the tomato is soft. This will be in twenty minutes. Bottle and cork well, and keep in a dry place.

To Keep Tomatoes Fresh

These can be kept quite fresh and good for three months of the winter season by being immersed in vinegar. They should not be peeled, and must be free from cracks in the skin or bruises, else the vinegar is apt to soak into them and make them too acid. When required for use, take them out and soak for a minute in boiling water, which makes the skins peel off easily. They make a very nice salad in winter time dressed with oil and vinegar and a soupçon of chopped onion. It requires a gallon of vinegar to cover thirty or forty good-sized tomatoes closely packed in a jar.

Blackberry Jelly

Five pounds of blackberries, 3 lb. of apples, ¾ lb. of sugar to every pound of fruit, and half a pint of water. Put the blackberries and apples and 1 lb. of sugar into a stewpan, and let it stew gently until the fruit is quite soft, then strain through a cloth, and to every pound of pulp put ¾ lb. of sugar, omitting the pound previously put in; then let it boil one and a half hours. EMILIA